

Where Angels Fear to Tread

by belladonna78

Category: Supernatural

Genre: Romance, Spiritual

Language: English

Characters: Castiel, Ezekiel/Gadreel, Gabriel, OC

Pairings: Gabriel/OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 14:06:48

Updated: 2016-04-19 15:11:10

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:16:50

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 6,057

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sariel is a fearless warrior who has conquered great darkness in both Heaven and Hell, yet what will come when she embarks on a mission to restore balance to the Universe? Will she give in to her heart and embrace the greatest, yet forbidden to angels, power of love? Can she give her heart wholly to Gabriel? A companion story to my SPN fic featuring Dean, Beth & Sam. Rated MA.

1. Orders from Heaven

****AUTHOR'S NOTES - WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD****

Welcome to "Where Angels Fear to Tread"!

This fic has been a long time in the writing. I had to get my head around the story I wanted to tell, and do a bit of research on it too.

It will follow the story of Dean & Beth (my stories: Highway to Hell, All Hell Breaks Loose, Hell to Pay, To Hell & Back) from the sidelines of the angels involved in their lives - Castiel, Ezekiel, Gabriel and Sariel (plus others).

Mostly it is about Castiel's search for God, Ezekiel's search for balance, and Sariel and Gabriel's blossoming human love for each other as she begins to learn about the temptations of the flesh, and what it is to give your heart truly to another.

* * *

><p>ORDERS FROM HEAVEN

* * *

><p>It was the general consensus among those in Heaven, that angels

didn't dream. This largely due to the fact that they have no need for sleep. Sariel's experience within her human vessel had been quite different.<p>

Had she not known otherwise, Sariel could have excused her current thoughts and feelings for dreams from her vessel's original soul â€" but even though her vessel was hundreds of years old, she had not been around millennium ago, and therefore this was impossible. Instead, Sariel's experience was more like a day dream, filled with memories that had been cut up, stomped upon, dissected and then glued back together haphazardly.

In the lower levels of Heaven, where the boundaries between the ethereal realms start to merge with the physical, angels often found themselves caught between a more humanised version of existence. Right now Sariel was not sleeping, yet not truly awake.

She lay cushioned on a soft chaise that enveloped her in a feeling of comfort and ease, but it was far from the experience playing in her mind. She found herself drawn into worlds that had long past, places that had existed for mere moments, and experiences better left forgotten.

"Forward!" Michael shouted to the angels assembled before the Darkness. They had been created for this moment, to drive it back from the planes of Creation. With the power of their grace combined, a blinding light shot out, and in the blackest hole of existence, something pushed back. "Hold the line!"

Sariel blinked and now watched as their greatest warrior, Samael, knelt before their Father, his sword at his side. Reaching down for his arm, there was an electric transfer of red light that sizzled and popped, searing itself into Samael's forearm. She was beholding _The Mark _that would keep back pure destruction, and it had just been awarded to their most valiant of warriors, trust given to him to hold the lock and key to keeping eternal night at bay.

With another breath, Sariel found herself horrified, watching her brother refuse to kneel before their Father's newest creation. The Mark on his arm glowed red as he glared at the Creator, and then the _human _that stood before the gathered. "I will not pay homage to this lesser being. Where was he when you needed a warrior? Should he not bow to us? Would he be here at all if it weren't for us?" Samael demanded to know. "You love your creature more than you do the very children who risked _everything _for you to be able to create him!"

Tears falling down her face, the heartache never seeming to pass. "What have you done?" She asked, looking at her masculine counterpart, Michael, one of their Father's finest warriors.

"What I was ordered to do," he replied.

Uriel: he who received the Revelation of their Father and shared it with his brothers and sisters. He of the Salvation and creator of the many levels of Heaven. With deep, intense eyes he watched her as she lay half-awake, half-sleeping. The strawberry-blonde curls of her vessel were a reminder that Sariel was no ordinary angel â€" she had spent time among humanity, and while many vessels were more demure, controlled and neat â€" Sariel's hair acted as a constant reminder

that there was a wild streak inside, one that would never be tamed.

_What I was ordered to doâ€¦ orderedâ€¦ ordered to doâ€¦ _these words echoed through her mind. She rolled back and forth on the chaise that she semi-slept on until roused from her state by her brother.

"Sister," Uriel's deep booming voice startled her awake and Sariel sat on the lounge, looking up at the dark-skinned vessel.

"Uriel, what is it?"

"We have received further Revelation," he revealed, his tone giving nothing away.

"What is it?" Sariel asked, thinking of their absent Father. He had been gone for some time, Heaven now was run by a counsel of angels called the Thrones, from one of the highest orders of angelic beings. Few of them sat higher, a part of the Seraphim and Cherubim groups. Sariel was one of them, although her duties kept her in the lower spheres of Heaven.

"The war with Hell continues, but it is growing. We have experienced greater infiltration on the lower levels.

"How?"

"Revelation shows us that we must prepare for the unthinkable. Michael is seeking you, as his counterpart, you are most worthy and prepared to lead the legions into battle at his side," Uriel revealed.

"What battle, Uriel?" Sariel asked, confused as to what war was about to be fought.

"It is coming, Sister. Soon. The demons are rising up. There is a plot afoot, and we have yet to see the full plan revealed," he said. "Michael has asked that we locate the lineage of the first son, Cain. You are to be charged with this task."

"Why me?"

"He trusts no one else with this vital piece of the puzzle," Uriel revealed. She frowned, standing up.

"Then why is he not here, asking it of me himself?"

"Michael is seeking further Revelation. He has a war to prepare for," her brother answered. Sariel did not fully understand the implication of what Michael was entrusting her with, but she knew that it had to be done â€" he would not ask otherwise.

"Is the lineage not covered in the Records?" She asked, and Uriel frowned, revealing that there was something amiss.

"You must reveal this to no one, Sariel, I tell you only to sate your own curiosity so you will see the importance of this task," Uriel said and she nodded, watching him intently.

"Someone has tampered with the Records, changed them. The line is not clear, nor why it has been changed. Michael has asked that you seek out Gabriel, for he carries the lineage of the chosen children. Gabriel will know the truth."

"Gabriel? No one has heard of him in centuries. How am I to find him?" Sariel asked.

"Zadkiel has revealed he is hiding on Earth."

Sariel felt a stab of concern move through her, sitting up and looking closely at her brother. "Where is Zadkiel now?"

"Recovering."

"From what?" Sariel asked. Uriel's eyes seemed to darken and he smirked, his face showing his obvious disdain toward Sariel and her sisters.

"Even after thousands of years, your lineage continues to resist the truth. Our Mother is locked away and gone, and you have been given a second chance under our Father â€" yet you still insist on being petulant little children."

"What have you done with our sister, Uriel?" Sariel rose to her feet, her anger coming easily to the surface to match her hair.

"We have sent her to the Healing Garden, she will recover. Next time she might be a little more forthcoming when we have questions."

Sariel glared at Uriel, but dared not push him. He had come under orders from the Thrones, and to show such obviously disregard for a Heavenly order could only bring about further pain. "You disgust me," she uttered at him, "I am the leader of my sisters, any action against them should come through me."

"You are nothing, Sariel," Uriel stated.

"My_ beloved_ brother seems to think otherwise," Sariel pointed out, referring to how Michael had charged her with the task of locating Gabriel and getting the information he required. "Now get out of my sight."

"Don't you wish to know what information was imparted to us?" Uriel questioned and she stared coldly at him. "The third sphere, he is hiding in there. Typical, like the coward that he is. In with the souls of the mud monkeys."

"Get out," Sariel ordered, and this time Uriel vanished without further provocation. Her heart felt as if it might beat out of her chest, her rage was such that she considered going immediately to Michael and demanding answers. He could not have ordered the torture of their sister, that would have come from Uriel or one of his superiors. She filed that away for future action, drawing her attention to what was to come. Gabriel.

It is easy enough to travel around Heaven. One only needs to know where they are headed, and then have the necessary clearance to reach

it. Sariel's clearance was of the highest order, and so she could access many areas lower spheres could not. She blinked, thinking of her sister Zadkiel and then felt herself lifted in that direction.

The Healing Garden was one of the greatest wonders created. Sariel's lineage felt most at home here, closest to their Creator when they walked through the countless trees, bushes and flowering garden beds of the Garden. Medicinal herbs of every kind grew here, an ethereal marker for what was found in the Earthly realms.

Sariel stopped to lean over the lavender, smelling its beautiful scent before moving on. It was the oldest herb in Heaven or on Earth, and her favourite. She picked a strand and carried it with her as she approached the healing waters.

"Sariel!" A soft voice called out to her and she hurried toward it. "You have come."

Chamuel, angel of healing and compassion was in the water, holding their sister aloft in the water. Zadkiel's long dark hair floated out through the water like tendrils of seaweed, her eyes closed serenely which told Sariel that Chamuel had placed their sister into a deep healing trance.

"I just heard what happened, how is she?" Sariel asked, kneeling by the pool of bluish green water.

"Uriel and those savages, they are getting worse. Anyone who dares to get in the way of the Legion â€¦"

"Hush, now is not the time," Sariel cut in, cupping her palm to her ear to indicate that they were being listened in on. "How long until she wakes?"

"She will wake when she wakes," Chamuel said with a sigh.

Sariel slipped into the water beside them, her robes billowing out in the warmth that cushioned them. Without a word, she knelt beside their sister and reached a hand out to touch her forehead.

Instantly Sariel was teleported into her mind, and fell to her knees in pain. She gasped for the injuries that had been sustained during Uriel's questioning and crawled forward.

"Zadkiel!" She called out, finding the strength to stagger to her feet. "Zadkiel!"

The screams that surrounded her faded, and a fine mist crept in around her legs, tickling its way up her body until she came face to face with a hidden and scared angel. A mere glimmer of light compared to her usual radiance, Zadkiel peered tentatively out through the mist at her sister.

"Is this a trick?"

"No," Sariel replied. She raised her hand, and a symbol glowed on her palm, a sign that only the Lady's Legion knew. With a breath of relief Zadkiel waved her hand and the mist departed, leaving the slender visage of the angel's vessel with long brown ringlets falling

to her waist and deep chocolate eyes staring back.

"Uriel tells me I am to go to the Third Sphere," Sariel said, raising her eyebrow. She did not believe for a moment that Zadkiel had given up her twin, her counterpart in Heaven, though Uriel clearly thought he had gotten the upper hand with their sister.

"Uriel is blinded by zealotry," Zadkiel replied, wrapping her arms around her. "If this is the way Heaven plans to move forward in the absence of our Father, then I fear I will have no part of it Sariel."

"I am sorry," Sariel said softly, reaching out to take the other's hand. "Heaven's host moves in mysterious ways of late, and I do not approve of their tactics. I will take it up with Michael when I see him next. In the meantime I need to find Gabriel, it is important."

"I do not trust Uriel with him," Zadkiel said.

"I don't plan on telling Uriel anything after what he has done to you," Sariel replied with a frown. "I will report directly to Michael. If indeed there is anything of import to tell him."

"We just wanted to be left alone, Sariel," Zadkiel said with tears in her eyes. Her eyes belied an age that her face did not reflect. She was ancient, and the years without guidance from their Creator had not helped. She was lost, and she felt it deeply in this moment of betrayal. She had been tortured for information, by her own brothers, and the universe was suddenly not safe anymore.

"He's on Earth," Zadkiel said finally, coming to a decision. "In the guise of a Trickster."

* * *

><p>AUTHOR'S NOTES

There is some reference to future events not yet covered in Dean & Beth's journey - I have tried to keep it as spoiler free as possible, or at least allude to possibilities rather than definites in the storyline because to be honest, even I don't know where the writers are going to take Supernatural, and for the most part I am following that journey and incorporating my own side stories and OFC in Beth.

I have some very definite ideas on the angel story I want to tell, and the unfolding storyline around The Darkness does support it quite well, though like everything I write, there's always a twist ;)

Updates will be sporadic as I'm going to try and time them with the Dean and Beth timeline and when it's updated.

2. Cycles of Destiny

CYCLES OF DESTINY

* * *

><p>Gabriel had long given up hope for any reconciliation among his brothers and sisters. He had resigned himself to wandering the planet, a shadow of his former self, dealing out swift, ironic fate to the assholes of the world.<p>

What he did know was that the passion was here on Earth, among these creations of his Father's. He had long suspected God of walking amongst them, though had not come across the creator in form in the centuries he himself had been in hiding on the planet.

His latest amusement had been to come across the Winchester family again. Dean, Beth and Sam. The last time he'd encountered them, they'd been looking into strange events that seemed to be urban legends come to life. But no, that had been all him. They thought they'd killed him, if he had been the Trickster they believed him to be, he would most certainly be dead - but alas he was not.

The last few months he'd been tormenting them, knowing full well the gossip - that the mighty Dean Winchester was headed for Hell where he would roast on a spit for all eternity. Sam and Beth weren't coping, as he suspected, and so the opportunity to mess with them a little further had not gone unaccepted.

He'd trapped the trio in a hellish version of _Groundhog Day_, the day only ending and restarting with Dean's untimely death. Gabriel amused himself with all kinds of scenarios on a regular basis, but even he was having trouble coming up with some newer more inventive ways to kill off the older Winchester.

"Dorisâ€¦ I think today would be an excellent day to practise your archery, don't you think?" He suggested to the chubby little waitress from the diner where he started every Tuesday eating pancakes and maple syrup. From here he could monitor the Winchesters, gauge their level of sanity for the day, and determine Dean's cause of death before nightfall.

"Ooooh, I haven't had a chance to do that recently, thanks for the suggestion!" Doris replied with a twinkle in her eye, she nodded to herself and wandered off, mind now clearly on where she would be after her shift had finished, rather than her actual job.

Gabriel chuckled to himself, Dean was never going to see death by arrow coming.

He finished his pancakes and got up from the counter, listening in on the trio who were arguing quietly, Sam and Beth trying to convince Dean that they were in fact on the level about their multiple Tuesday experiences. Occasionally he felt a little guilty, but it didn't last very long. He liked the Winchesters, but they had also made a fool of him, and he couldn't have that.

His knowledge of what was to come for the three siblings scratched away at him. It was not time, and as an angel he needed to follow the timing of his visions to the letter. To reveal too much before the person was ready could throw everything into a tizz, and ruin the grand plan as set out by their Father.

Did his visions come from the Holy Father any longer? Where was he if they did? Why had Gabriel not received revelation in centuries? He

had no answers for this, but what he did know is that for some reason he had been tapped with birthing messages for the Winchesters when the time was right, and as such he found himself rather attached to them - even as he proceeded to torment them.

He started to wander down the street of Broward, whistling a happy tune as he turned toward the candy shop with his eye set on some sweet caramel. Gabriel loved sweets. True enough, it was not a fetish as much as it might be for a Trickster, but he enjoyed indulging in the sugary overload just the same. And why not? He was an angel! It's not as if he was going to put on weight. His vessel - one Thomas R Hinkleton from the sixteenth century hadn't aged or changed in three hundred years.

There were precious few people in this world who carried the bloodline needed to house one of the Seraphim. Angels were hard enough, but it took a special line direct from Adam himself to not explode when taking on one of his kind. Finding them were hard, deliberately, because God had banished the angels from walking the Earth in vessels after they had started mating with humans.

Those had been dark times indeed, and Gabriel didn't like to remember them. Their Father had the records erased. You could chance upon the line, if you knew enough, but getting a body to go Earth-side wasn't as easy as it sounded. Frankly it was easier for a demon to get topside than it was for an angel. As such, many of them had paid attention to the vessel lineages, or kept a body in one of the realms of Heaven, even after the soul had moved on.

Of those he knew most of them, or recognised them when he came into contact. He sauntered around a corner and found himself in a standoff with a face he'd known for half a millennium. She'd updated her overall look, but the auburn hair and striking green eyes remained the same. The last Gabriel had seen her, she'd been tied to a stake by idiot Christians who thought they were doing away with a witch. What was odd, was that they'd known enough to restrain an angel - a feat not easily done. But he had allies where she had not. Imagine their surprise when he'd spirited the witch away!

"Hello brother," Sariel said with a tiny smile. She leaned casually against the brick wall of the storefront and watched him as if she'd known he would be there at any moment. "You're a hard one to track down."

"Sariel, darling, to what do I owe the pleasure!" Gabriel greeted in a jovial fashion. He was genuinely happy to see her, having always enjoyed her pragmatism and enjoyment of the simple things.

"You first, Gabriel, I have been watching you for days now, tormenting these humans. Why?" She asked and he chuckled, pushing past her and opening the door to the candy shop.

"Why not?" He asked with a shrug. "It amuses me."

"It's beneath you," she commented, following him inside and loitering beside him as he started to look over the various jars filled with sugary sweets.

"Pfft!" He said dismissively, waving his hand in the air. "I'm teaching them a lesson about destiny."

"Destiny?" Sariel asked curiously.

"Yes indeed. They can't escape their fate any more than the rest of them," Gabriel replied, tapping the glass over the caramel chews. "I'll have a bag of those please," he said to the store attendant. "And some jelly beans, and some twistersâ€¦ oh, and some chocolate buttons too."

"What's so important about them?" Sariel asked, looking out the window and across the street. Dean, Beth and Sam were now walking along the other side of the road, lost in conversation.

Gabriel joyfully accepted the bags of candy from the shop attendant, dropping him some cash on the counter and then hurried to look out the window with his sister.

"Ooooh, here it comes, this is my best one yet," he said pointedly. He grinned and nodded in their direction. Sam and Dean had stopped to argue, the taller of the brother waving his arms heatedly around in their air when _Whooooooooosh! _Out of nowhere, well, truthfully, from the rooftop a few doors down from where Gabriel was standing, came an arrow. It pierced Dean in the back of the neck, and there was a startled shriek from Doris the diner waitress.

Beth spun around and watched as Dean fell to his knees in front of Sam, blood gurgling from his mouth as the younger brother grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Well," Gabriel said, winking at Sariel. "Time to go!"

He snapped his fingers and the scene vanished.

Hallucinations, visions, whatever you wanted to call them all started somewhere. A blank canvass. The story was then called forth from the artist, and projected out into reality and the people it was intended for - or sometimes unintended for. There was a reason people ended up in mental hospitals sometimes - that was creation out of control.

Gabriel was a master at weaving a world around himself, painting the picture for his victims...errrrâ€¦ receptacles of his vision. He quickly went to work, reinventing the same wheel he'd been playing for months now. Dean and Beth in bed, snuggled together, and Sam in the other as he snored softly, waiting for day to break.

The radio, the final touch, he waved into existence, and with a chuckle set the station to _Asia. _The same song had been greeting Sam and Beth since this situation had begun, Gabriel's favourite part of the day was seeing them wake up and hear the first line.

Heat of the moment!

He watched as Dean jumped out of bed, oblivious to his presence, and started to serenade his beloved. Beth on the other hand was struggling today, shaking her head at Sam and then she fell into a full blown panic attack. Ahhhh today was going to be a good one, maybe death by dog?

When he got to the diner, Sariel was waiting. "You can't be here!" He

snapped at her, waving his hand. Instantly she was transformed into the facade of one of the regulars who were always here on a Tuesday. Gabriel wove a bit of a spell around them, drawing the attention of the Winchesters away from looking too closely at them while they continued to talk.

"You can't just run off on me, Gabriel," she chided him and he sighed, smiling at Doris as she placed his usual order in front of him.

"I have work to do here, you know, I'm a very busy man," he reprimanded, watching as she rolled her eyes at him. "Unless of course, you have somethingâ€¦ elseâ€¦ you'd like to be doingâ€¦" he added salaciously, wiggling his eyebrows at her. Sariel's vessel was a stunning woman, and he'd always had a bit of a weak spot for red heads.

"You have got to be joking!" Sariel said, almost shocked.

"Baby, there's two things I never joke aboutâ€¦ candyâ€¦ and the sweet, sweeeeet indulgence of making love to another warm body. You however seem to be a tad cold for this hot blooded man," he said, turning back to his pancakes and shoveling a mouthful in. He paused, fork in the air as he savoured the soft texture of the dough in his mouth, audibly expressing his delight in the combination of cake and syrup.

"You should try it some time, get that stick out of your ass. You used to be way more fun Sariel."

"How dare you?!" Sariel snapped, and she stood up. "I have come here on an important mission from Michael, and you ...all you do is fool around and make jokes. Angels are _dying, _Gabriel, you have a duty to your family."

"Duty?" Gabriel asked, looking around. It was almost time to make his exit. He tossed his napkin down on the plate and walked out, leaving both Sariel and Winchesters alike behind. He was getting tired of this game now. It was never fun when people tried to rain on his parade. He strode moodily down the street, spotting the golden retriever that was wandering around in the park. That would do. Old Dean wasn't going to know what hit him. Death by dog, indeed!

"You can't just walk off on me!" Sariel announced as she appeared in the park next to a tree.

Gabriel sighed. "Like I could get away if I tried!" He threw his arms up in the air and led her further into the gardens, away from the likes of Dean and Beth Winchester.

"What happened to you?" Gabriel asked as they walked, each step he could feel Sariel growing more frustrated with him.

"What are you talking about?" She asked.

"You used to have fire Sariel, you had conviction, you had something to serve and to live for," he said.

"I had a Mother too, and _you _helped take her away from us!" Sariel yelled, her eyes flashing. Gabriel sighed, looking around at the

people in the park. He waved his hand and the scene froze: better to not have people overhear this particular argument.

"I didn't have a choice, if you remember correctly. Just like you I was forced into a decision, and it wasn't an easy one."

Sariel crossed her arms and scowled at him, knowing he was right. She still held him responsible for the final blow dealt to them all, and always would.

"I chose self-preservation over a clean conscience, and I'd do it again," he said. "You remember the night so dark we couldn't see? You remember chaos and insanity running unchecked? She was going to bring that down on us and then some! Oh ho, they are right when they talk about Hell having no fury like that of a woman scorned - well Daddy dear pissed off the ultimate woman, and had to make a choice before we all suffered her wrath."

"Now you sound like Uriel," Sariel said, the accusation weighing heavily between them. Gabriel and Uriel had not agreed on the course of action and argued about it for centuries.

"I am nothing like that stuck up, two-faced, self-righteous _robot _that does Father's dirty work. I am an artist! I see the dark and the light and I dance in the shadows, Sariel. I remember a time when you did too."

"Well I learned my lesson on that one."

"Oh please, you let Michael whip you back into shape when they found out. You were _a Goddess, _Sariel! You kept the balance as well as our Mother ever could. Sumeria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Israel - you were there to see it all stayed in check. Hiding in the shadows, speaking to the priestesses of old - who else could do that but you?"

"I was mistaken, it was wrong, blasphemy!"

"Blasphemy! Pfft! It was because of you that we didn't slip into these current times sooner. Cleopatra, Boudicca, Cartimandua, Penthesilea, Mary Magdalene..." He paused, looking at her. "Nefertiti too, and don't tell me one of your line wasn't there whispering in Grace O'Malley's ear when she sailed the seas - you're looking at one of her descendants right here and now!" He waved toward the edge of the park where the Winchesters were frozen in time, Dean sitting on a bench and Beth in his lap as he tried to reassure her that it was a new day and they could change their circumstances.

"Idiot women who didn't know their place. Nefertiti was one of the biggest ones of all. The dancing around with mythology of Isis and Osiris, and dying for one another, for what? Love? Humans - what do they know of love? We have witnessed it in its rawest of expressions, stood before the Creator and known that power."

"You're wrong, Sariel. God you're so cold! Do you know what happened when you were taken back to Heaven, when you stopped whispering to those women? _The damn dark ages! Witch trials! _ Men lost their minds, they threw the feminine to the hell hounds, and grew so unbalanced that to this day they haven't recovered. Don't talk about something you know nothing about, sister." Gabriel said, shaking his

head sadly.

"I know that no human would sacrifice themselves for the love of another, that no one would truly walk into the bowels of Hell to rescue their lover," Sariel stated.

"He did," Gabriel said, pointing at Dean on the bench. "Sold his soul to save her spending eternity in the Pit. And she will walk into Hell itself to rescue him," Gabriel said, pointing to Beth. "Soul mates, you know. They do exist."

"Heh. You've spent too much time among mortals, Gabriel," Sariel said with a smirk. "Have you forgotten what happened to the angels who fell in love? What our Father did to Layiel, when he learned of her love for our brother?"

"I was there, I remember."

"Then you'll do well to recall that the only true love is in worship of Him," she said.

"They really did break you in Heaven, didn't they?" He asked, looking at her sadly.

"No one broke me, Gabriel, but they did open my eyes," Sariel said. "Something you would be wise to do for yourself."

"Oh I've seen enough, experienced enough," Gabriel commented. "I'm _tired _Sariel, and I'm sick of the fighting. Michael, Samael, our Father...our Mother. How many of us continue to suffer because of outdated ideas? Because He was too proud to admit He was wrong!"

"That's blasphemy. Pride is a sin, Gabriel, or have you forgotten?"

"Not so much that I don't know he is a hypocrite," Gabriel said. "Not so much that I don't know how much of a hypocrite _you are _in coming here."

"What are you are talking about?"

"Do you really think I'm not aware of what Uriel did to Zadkiel?" He asked, his eyes starting to brim with tears. He'd felt it, every second of the torture, felt how they tried to break her mind, and all to find him. "I will not return to Heaven, especially not after what was done to her."

"I've given my word you will not be harmed," Sariel said, crossing her arms.

"And you speak for who? Michael? I don't think so. Did he even come to you himself with this mission you speak so highly of?" Gabriel questioned. He watched her intently, hoping that he was wrong, that his brother was truly behind this.

Sariel's eyes told him the truth and he sighed.

"I thought as much," he said when she remained silent. "You are his counterpart, the yin to his yang, Sariel. Surely you of all angels

should know his plans directly from him? What is he up to?"

"He's seeking the line of Cain," she said and instantly Gabriel knew why. He forced himself to remain passive, fighting the urge to glance over at the Winchesters. Ten feet away and she had no idea.

"Why?" He asked, stalling for time.

"I don't know," she said.

"I'll tell you why, Sariel," he said with a smirk, digging into his bag of candy and pulling out a jelly bean. He popped it into his mouth and munched thoughtfully as she waited for him to continue. "He plans to walk among the mortals again."

"Impossible," she said. "Michael hasn't been on Earth in millennia."

"Well I am telling you, Sariel, that is the only reason he would want to know where the lineage lies. He's seeking his vessel, the Michael sword." Gabriel said, watching as she appeared shocked.

"No!"

"You know there is only one reason for that," he commented.

"It's impossible," she said, shaking his head. "You created the lock yourself."

"I did," Gabriel nodded. "He won't break it." Gabriel was confident in the lock that held their brother in his cell. He'd thought of it himself, and he had good reason to believe that the lock holding him at bay would never be broken. To do so would damage the fallen angel beyond repair.

"But if Michael is seeking his vessel, then he must have reason to think that Lucifer will try," Sariel mused, a frown touching her otherwise unblemished face. "Heaven has been under more and more attacks of late, the Legion is sent far and wide."

"Demons, more so than ever are walking the planet," Gabriel agreed, nodding. "But! Totally not my problem!" He clapped, and everything around them began to move. Dean stood up from the bench he'd been sitting on, Sam was running back toward the pair waving a flyer at them and then the deadly, evil golden retriever (who was suffering hallucination and thought Dean was a big, juicy steak) attacked.

Gabriel found himself alone once more, his blank canvass before him, and he took a moment to contemplate what was to come. Sariel had disturbed him more than he wanted to admit with her discussions about Michael. He felt indebted to Zadkiel for not revealing his location to Uriel and his goons. There was an undercurrent of energy not sitting happily with him and he sighed. The tides were changing, and his peaceful little existence on Earth was about to shift, he could feel it in his bones.

More than anything, the green eyes of Sariel haunted him, her pleas for his assistance - well intentioned, but naive - ate at him. He resolved to finish up his lessons with the Winchesters, and send them

on their way, before Sariel started to suspect their true heritage. Once she found out she would go running to Michael. No this was a card Gabriel planned to play close to his chest for a while longer.

Cain and Abel's lineage was long and intertwined, with many hidden stories to tell, but never before had there been a more truer reflection of the angelic brothers of Michael and Lucifer than currently held in Dean and Sam. Their destiny was before them, and soon everything would change.

End
file.